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Chatterton, The Black
Death, and Meriwether
Lewis, Three Plays by
Charles Reznikoff.

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✓ CHATTERTON ✓

Scene One

(The tombs of Canynge, his wife, and Rowley within a church. From their tombs)

CANYNGE. The marble flooring of my vault
had fallen in,
And into me, waist-deep in sand, an elm
Struck its twisted roots.

CANYNGE'S WIFE. On my smooth body
That knew silk and wool only,
Ant-hills like sores.

ROWLEY. My enemy, the clock,
Talked me, the poet, down at last.
Live, while you can, Chatterton,
Until the mortgagee forecloses
Upon Bristol and your spacious sky.

CANYNGE'S WIFE. Bristol,
Beside the blue flowing water.

CHATTERTON. No wonder you ghosts cry
out against
The clamp of death,
Lord Mayor Canynge, Lady Mayoress, and
Priest Rowley.
Any weather is fair weather to a warm coat.
I eat in the kitchen, sleep with the footboy.
They send to peep upon me, copying Mr. Lam-
bert's documents,
Hours: eight to eight. Sister and mother take
in sewing.

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Lambert," and "Thank you, Mrs. Lambert";

Colston's charity-boy thanks you.

Trifles. Have you had a pebble in a shoe?

A hair on your tongue, a grain of sand in your eye?

Do this and this and be back sharp.

If I could only leave and be alone,

Not stolen jotting.

The heart fills and fills, no end to seeing.

You are young, you were just seventeen;

I have lived one-fourth of my life, if I live to be seventy.

ROWLEY. The sun, the air, water when thirsty, bread and fruit,

When lean and hungered into exaltation,

Stretching along a bed when tired, and waking

To listen to the night over the house,

So easily are the living joyful.

CHATTERTON. A man with a grain of sand in his eye

Can not see the sun.

CANYNGE. Prisoners have been known

To scoop their way, using fingers only,

Under walls sunk deeply into earth; or with an iron nail

Scratch out the mortar holding stone and bars.

So I, scullion, became merchant and Lord Mayor. Step by step, distances.

CHATTERTON. Prisoners are prisoners usually.

ROWLEY. Men, brick by brick, have made such work;

Were these not troubled too by this and that?
While you live,
You may outfly eagles;
Because you are not eagle, but a man.
Live, Chatterton! the earth is man's and star
by star in time.

CHATTERTON. Sundays I have walked the
streets and seen
Men and women, and girls two by two, and
men alone,
Dressed in their Sunday clothes, their faces
ugly;
And thought, Through these rushes I can
tread any way I please.

CANYNGE'S WIFE. Holiday nights when the
weather was warm,
We used to walk about,
In silence, or talking softly close to one an-
other,
Houses and trees in moonlight.

CHATTERTON. I have seen them pass and
turn the corner,
Colors shining in their wings and their heads
rubies.
I will begin building myself webs,
Delicate thought leading to delicate thought.

ROWLEY. To catch flies?

CHATTERTON. To catch an earth tumbling
on through space
And suck it dry. I have made a Bristol out
of rhyme
And peopled it with nobles, sat at their feasts,

Talked and heard;
But I am tired of make-believe, of being a
scrivener's apprentice,
Mother and sister, sempstresses, a family of
servants.
Some mole from prison;
But I shout the way Jews shouted at Jericho.
There are birds in heaven, who rides Pegasus
may catch some.
Days like grains of sand slip through my
fingers,
While I am idle on this accidental shore where
I was born;
But I have feet to walk away and maybe
wings.

CHATTERTON'S MOTHER (*is heard calling*).
Tommy, Tommy!
Time to be back at Mr. Lambert's.

Scene Two

BURGUM (*to his wife*). Here, a document
that may interest you:
My family tree. You see the name
Was once de Bergham. Norman de Bergham
who fought at Hastings.
You didn't think when you were marrying
A pewterer, that he had blue blood.
As in a fairy tale, the beggar is a prince.
Here's the coat of arms.

BURGUM'S WIFE. Yes,
Like a fairy tale. This document
Does not look old.

BURGUM. Of course not.
It is a copy of the originals.

There is a boy named Chatterton.
His uncle is the sexton of St. Mary's.
The boy played at dolls with the church's
Old parchments, learned his letters from them.
Colston's apprenticed him to Mr. Lambert,
The scrivener. Now and then the boy still
visits
The old church, rummages the papers,
Hopes to become an antiquarian, if you please.
The other day he came upon my name,
That is, de Bergham, and knowing of me,
Searched and found all, of which he made
This copy. I saw the originals.
They are, of course, the church's. They were
smoky,
As if candle-smoked, scarcely read.

BURGUM'S WIFE. Perhaps it is a swindle.
Did you give
Money?

BURGUM. He is not bright enough to swindle;
Dreamy, the kind swindled. As proud as
Punch,
Too proud to stoop to petty knavery.
I gave him five shillings. Perhaps,
I swindled him: a lot of work here.

BURGUM'S WIFE. Five shillings for that
paper!
I scrimp and you waste money so.

BURGUM. He went to so much trouble.
And really he did not want the money.
I had to urge him. He seemed displeased.

BURGUM'S WIFE. That he could get no more.

BURGUM. That he was tipped
For just a friendly service, I thought.
He is a friendly boy . . .
I have been thinking . . . we are growing old.
If we had children, a girl, perhaps, to help you,
Or a lad, a lad like this,
Whom I could teach my business, what I
have learnt
At such cost . . .
Perhaps the shop would be less dull.
The lad comes of decent folk, is poor,
And starved for friendship—it was just a
fancy.

BURGUM'S WIFE. We have been alone together
So many years. Perhaps a nephew—but a
stranger
At the table and beside the fire.
Why should we change?

BURGUM. It was just a fancy.

Scene Three

(*In Walpole's mansion-house, Strawberry Hill*)

WALPOLE (*giving a manuscript*). The poems
of which I wrote you, Gray,
Those found in a church at Bristol, the work
Of one Rowley, a priest when Edward the
Fourth was king.
Spirited and harmonious.
I wrote this Chatterton to send more.

These came and this about himself:
A poor widow's son, apprenticed to a scrivener,
The work irks him, and won't I send money
That he may buy freedom and spend time in writing.
It seems he dabbles in verse or wants to dabble.

GRAY (*who has been dipping into the manuscript*). A forgery!
This is modern as yesterday's gazette:
Modern words, consonants merely doubled;
Obsolete words, taken from any glossary to Chaucer,
Stuck into an idiom, modern as yesterday's gazette.

WALPOLE. Why flare up? The worm would crawl
Out of his rain-filled hole.
Of course, I'll write him to stand his apprenticeship, practice the profession,
And when he will have made his fortune, write.
But why should you be angry at him, Gray?
What could your mother, the milliner, have done?
By chance, you had an uncle, rich and childless.
Uncle Antrobus made Eton and Cambridge possible,
Travel and contemplation, time to see, think, write.
After all, the *Elegy* is your only poem.
You felt *that*, how narrowly you might have been
Another "mute, inglorious Milton" in the host,

Scene Four

LAMBERT'S MOTHER (*to servant*). Tell your master that I must see him
At once! (*To Lambert when he comes*).
That charity-school brat! Read this:
Suicide, if we do not let him go.
Suddenly to come upon a body,
Like stepping on a mouse in a dark hallway;
Or have a servant rush up to me,
Hear a shriek in the next room; let him go!

LAMBERT. What's this? A will and testament?

LAMBERT'S MOTHER. It says that he is going to kill himself
And so writes this, his last testament.
Where is he?

LAMBERT. Safe in the office.
I'll pound him good and proper for the joke,
Wasting time in writing this
And scaring you.

LAMBERT'S MOTHER. Don't bother with him.
Cancel his prentice papers, rid the house of him.
He quarrels with the servants; makes such faces,
Talking to me or you, some day he'll spring at us.
And what have we done? We've given him a good home, God knows,
And you are teaching him your own profession.
I used to offer buns or a tart at first,
Carried them in my pocket just for him;

But he would glare so at me, refuse,
And snarl his thanks. He's out of his mind,
And if he should do, what here he threatens,
There'll be no stilling the town's talk,
How we ill-used the orphan and drove him
to it.

Your friends may call upon the council
For investigations; then we are
At a spiteful servant's mercy. Pack him off!
I won't sleep another night
With that boy in the house.

LAMBERT. This will of his
Will be a good excuse. I have been disap-
pointed
More than I cared to tell you. Those at Col-
ston's
Thought highly of him, highly enough
To apprentice him to a scrivener; but he has
proved
Unaccountably dull at times, lazy and insolent,
Not in so many words, but, as you say, in
manner.
I'll have him in. (*To footman*) Send in Chat-
terton.

Send for his mother, too.
(*To Chatterton*) Well, my whippersnapper,
So you're going to commit suicide.
Here's a pocket-knife. Or perhaps,
Mother will send for arsenic, which the porter
Makes into a paste for rats.

LAMBERT'S MOTHER. Stop!

LAMBERT. So you don't like being my ap-
prentice.
You needn't be. You were glad enough

To become such, if I remember.
Wait here until your mother comes.
We'll sign the necessary quittance
And then, march! Look here,
If you make such faces at me,
I'll smash your face. You're still
My apprentice and I have the right
To beat you, which I have never done,
I ought to be ashamed to say. (*Lambert and
his mother go out.*)

Scene Five

(*The same room in Lambert's house at twilight.*)

CHATTERTON'S MOTHER. Why does he keep
us waiting so?
O Tommy, are you sure you're right?
You didn't intend suicide, did you, Tommy?

CHATTERTON. Mother, quit calling me Tommy.
Of course I didn't intend suicide;
It was a trick to scare Lambert,
And make him let me go; didn't it work?

CHATTERTON'S MOTHER. Everybody thought
it such a good thing,
When Mr. Lambert took you for his apprentice.
And you did, too.

CHATTERTON. I was sick of that school,
Boys and masters.

CHATTERTON'S MOTHER. You were glad
enough to be taken into Colston's.
It is not for anybody's asking.

CHATTERTON. I would have learnt more by myself
At home. I thought that they would teach
Greek and Hebrew, English; they taught
arithmetic
And how to write in a good, round hand—
What else?

CHATTERTON'S MOTHER. That, too, is needed,
Thomas.

CHATTERTON. For me,
Life is too short-winded and strength too
weak
To waste. I thought through Lambert
To escape, that here I would have—for my-
self—more time.
I have, but not enough.
I grudge fractions of my life
To copying mortgages.

CHATTERTON'S MOTHER. But how are you to
make a living?

CHATTERTON. From the work I want to do.
The Gentlemen's Magazine of London
Has taken a poem of mine;
I have two essays in the next *Cave's Monthly*;
And one who plans a new magazine,
Writes me from London, "Thomas Chatter-
ton, Esquire,
Dear Sir:—I count upon your help" and so
forth.
You and sister will go in silks;
The proudest here in Bristol will be glad to
know you.
How can I stay in Bristol four years more
To become at last a scrivener,
When I have now such work and future in
London.

FOOTMAN. Mr. Lambert will see you. (*The
darkened room is left empty.*)

Scene Six

(Chatterton is writing in a dingy room. A fat old woman, Mrs. Ballance, enters. She seats herself. Chatterton keeps staring in her face.)

MRS. BALLANCE. You must excuse me, Cousin Tommy, but as your mother's cousin, And older than yourself; as it were, in charge of you;
For didn't your mother send you here to live? You have been in London going on two weeks. At first, quite proper and natural,
A young man to go about, seeing the town; And London must seem so big to you from Bristol,
I know how it was when I came to London; But you can't keep on so, now can you? You must try for a place in an office. I wouldn't speak of any kind of work For a young man like you,
Who likes to read and practices penmanship; But a genteel clerkship in an office? And must you stay up the night long? It isn't good for the eyes and you're looking peaked as it is.
You needn't stare so, Tommy.
The young man who rooms with you, has complained to Mr. Walmsley,
"I can't sleep nights with him having his candle lit and scratching paper."
It isn't I that am complaining, child. I only mean the best for you.
Young people complain, but we old Are glad to take the world as it is. Many a bitter talk I had with myself, Or with father and mother, and later with Ballance;
And here am I, an old woman,
Pains in me every moment I'm awake,
Husband dead and little I knew of him When he was alive, sailing the seas,
And no children, never had any;
I go on living quietly,

Doing chores I'm lucky enough to get,
Frying my bit of supper at night;
Thank God, a roof over me.
When I die, I'll say to God,
Just like a lady leaving a party,
"I've had a fine time, thank You."
Not that I mean it all, but He'll know
I mean some of it, and after all,
He does the best He can, I suppose . . .

Scene Seven

(The office of Fell, owner and editor of The Freeholder's Magazine.)

FELL. Mr. Chatterton! Sit down, sir. Here.
The chair is rickety,
But, pshaw! this is all makeshift.
I am to be in funds. A lord—
I have sincere promises.
Then, sir, you will see a large room,
Grey carpet, delft blue curtains,
No furniture at all, sir,
Just desk and chair, and next to these,
A visitor's chair. Space!
If I had money, I would build a house
On a hill, overlooking a sweep of fields; and
I would have
Great loaves baked in my ovens.
Whoever wanted to,
Could come and live with us . . .
You are young, Mr. Chatterton,
For your mature style.
Your letters are as good as Junius.
Mr. Wilkes remarked your letters.
We must have you meet the Lord Mayor.
You did well to come. In a month,
You'll be the talk of London, young as you
are;
You'll be gaped at in the coffee-houses.
The Freeholder's Magazine is proud
To have your writings. Come, your promise!
You must show me everything.

CHATTERTON. I am sorry, Mr. Fell, but Mr.

Hamilton of *Town and Country*
Has bespoken an article, ten pounds to be
paid me; but other—

FELL. The Court's enemies—and the Court
Has enemies—are raising a fund.
The Freeholder's Magazine has become
A power; it must not be allowed to fall, to
slacken.
For the next issue I must have from you . . .

Scene Eight

CHATTERTON'S SISTER (*is reading a letter to
their mother and grandmother.*) . . . settled
in comfortable lodgings in Brooke Street
where I have a room to myself.

I shall engage to write a history of England
for Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller. Mr. Wilkes
knows me by my writings. He has affirmed
what Fell had of mine could not be the prod-
uct of a youth. Creditors have sent Fell to
King's Bench, he having offended certain per-
sons; but I am bettered by this. His succes-
sors in *The Freeholder's Magazine* will be
glad to engage me on my terms. Buy the
next number of *Town and Country*. It has
an article of mine for which I have been paid
ten pounds.

I am to be introduced to Mr. Beckford, the
Lord Mayor. I will ensure Mrs. Ballance an
allowance from The Trinity House, a founda-
tion for widows of deserving seamen.

Do not worry about my clothes. London
is not Bristol. Dress is not discussed here.
If a man dresses well, praise; but if not, noth-
ing is said. He is prudent.

Tell Katon and Mease to send me whatever
poems they have and I will see them placed.
I am sending you some trifling presents: six
cups and saucers with two basins, two fans,
and for grandmother, some tobacco and a
pipe.

Scene Nine

(The room in back of Hodge's shop. Hodge's wife at the window.)

HODGE'S WIFE. Quick, husband, there he goes. Run and ask him in.

HODGE. You know I've asked many a time And he's refused.

HODGE'S WIFE. But now he's starving.
Look, how pale and thin he's grown and can
hardly walk.
Hurry!

HODGE. Why should I keep humiliating myself
Before a boy, who is nothing after all to me,
A stranger, who moves into a garret next door
a month ago,
And in another month out and away.
I offer what slight help I can, am rebuffed,
That's the end of it.
Who offers bones to stray curs—that snap.

HODGE'S WIFE. You're a man and he's only
a silly proud boy.
He's starving and we have so much.
Quick! he's at his door. Go or I'll go.

HODGE. You soft-hearted fool! *(He kisses her and goes out. She prepares bread and butter and tea. Her husband comes back with Chatterton.)*

CHATTERTON. Pardon me . . . your husband insisted . . .

HODGE'S WIFE. We are always glad to have a guest for tea. Won't you sit here?
(They sit down. At first Chatterton eats slowly, then gorges.)

CHATTERTON. Pardon me . . . I had so much to do,

Rose late for breakfast and quite forgot
lunch—

And now myself. No more, thank you.
I find that eating makes me stupider than I
am.

HODGE'S WIFE. But we must eat.

CHATTERTON. Yes, we are that much animal,
Not trees, chained to earth,
Nor even beasts with four feet on it;
But if we could like moths that have no en-
trails,
Live our day or two, untroubled by food,
And our work done, die.

HODGE'S WIFE. But a man's work can not
be done in a day or two.

CHATTERTON. No, it takes a lifetime.

HODGE. What is your work, neighbor?
When I close shop at midnight,
I see your candle burning. Do you read so
late?
You must be fond of reading.

CHATTERTON. I used to be;
But now the taste is easily chewed out
Of what I read. Each generation
Finds the charm again—for a while.
These dry words of ours were poetry.
Take *mouse* from a verb that meant in Sans-
krit,
Steal; a thief, now called a mouse,
If many use it, *mouse* is plain *thief*,
The mouse forgotten. Whatever men can
make
Has their mortality. Talking of mice,
A rat haunts my room. Can you spare ar-
senic?

HODGE. Certainly.
Let me get some while we talk of it. (*He
goes out.*)

HODGE'S WIFE. But what do you do?

CHATTERTON. I write—
Music after a fashion; a sulky music,
Made out of ordinary speech,
The way a sculptor might make statues
Out of sand, or carve wooden spools
The housewife throws away.

HODGE'S WIFE. . . . Whatever you do,
You must take care of yourself to do it.
Eat well and in time; but if you are poor,
What is there to be ashamed of?
Jesus was poor, the apostles begged their way.
We have enough and to spare.
You must come and eat with us;
Pride in such a little matter
Is silly. Be proud of your work
And humble yourself for it. When you can,
You will repay.
What a little matter and not worth this fuss!
Promise that you are coming in to supper.
Promise me!

CHATTERTON. Why?

HODGE'S WIFE. Do you not love your work?

CHATTERTON. I used to . . .
I might write reams, catch in that mass of
cobweb
A few phrases, in time sucked dry.
When I was a boy I played at blocks; and
then tired,
Gave the little building a kick: down
It came with a little crash.
Why did I grow tired? I saw
The little building empty and its sky,
The plaster ceiling.

HODGE (*entering*). Here's your arsenic.

CHATTERTON. Thanks. I must go. Thanks
for your friendliness.

HODGE'S WIFE. I'll keep supper waiting.
You must come.

CHATTERTON. Good-bye. (*He goes out.*)

HODGE'S WIFE. Hodge . . . I think . . .
Take back the arsenic!

HODGE. Why?

HODGE'S WIFE. He'll poison himself!

HODGE. You have such fancies.

HODGE'S WIFE. Tell him you were mistaken,
it isn't arsenic. Run, take it away!

HODGE. Don't be silly.

Scene Ten

(In his garret, Chatterton pours the arsenic into a glass of water, but hesitates to drink. On his table are papers which he tears up, strewing the floor. He reads)

Item: One poem, one shilling; item: one article, five pounds; two songs, one shilling; one squib . . . (*He tears up the sheet.*)

Dear Doctor Barrett:—I implore you by your former kindness to help me to a position on an African brig. I have come to the end of my resources and have neither strength nor prospects to strengthen me. (*He tears it up.*)

August first, one month and no answer. He might have answered, even a refusal. (*Dipping into and tearing to bits manuscript until the floor is covered.*) Trash, trash!

Tories, Whigs, Lord This, Lord That. England.

Will England last longer than Rome or Egypt?
It will not outlast the earth.

What have I to do with these, to build arguments

For the Court, against the Court,

That I may eat, lodge, write more arguments.

If men were like winds with no important bellies

That fill, empty, and must be filled daily;
 If I were rich enough to wander
 Beside rivers or through streets;
 Put words together carefully.
 But to write this over and over,
 That I may live,
 Teach my feet to walk to prose,
 Cant, rant, smart as any . . .
 I might eat there . . .
 But will they not tire?
 What money can there be in my traffic with
 the moon.
 What is your business? Did they not ask
 to-night?
 And afterwards surely.
 But what is business for a man?
 Sell clothes or grain,
 Ride waves, furrow the earth, the gull's com-
 panion or the ox's;
 Build house or bridge for men to crawl upon;
 Try to comprehend the world in whose sky
 Earth is a star?
 These green grains of arsenic
 Will dissolve the earth
 Into the nothingness that once it was;
 Unflesh me of my hungers, those persistent
 curs,
 Pull out the riddles worming in my brain,
 And write the answer zero
 To the subtraction.
 Too long a grace over so little meat. (*He
 drinks the poison and walks up and down
 in silent agony.*)

Scene Eleven

(*The same room at night. Chatterton goes to
 the window.*)

The street-lamps under the clouded night
 Have made the sky grey. Half the earth
 Is dark. In the universal night
 Day was a little shelter.
 "Is it not beautiful," they would say
 Of light. Burning-glass,

Resting your spot of light on me,
When floor and street were stinking hot,
I am rid of you.
No longer to fly about you, sun, with other
moths;
Because I burn.
Rid of you, too, broken trinket
In the rhinestone glitter of stars,
Unburied corpse, swelling and misshapen,
Eaten away by those white ants, the stars.
Shine, sun and moon, for those at ease;
For these you are beautiful;
But to me, caught in this street,
A small cloud travelling across a cloudy sky,
A stick now caught in the surf,
Being drawn away, now flung ashore,
To be drawn away again;
A poisoned rat that slowly leaves his hole—
If I were Sampson
To push these walls away.

Scene Twelve

(An alley into which Chatterton enters from the crowded street.)

I place anger upon my head like an iron
crown, hurting my temples;
I would fillip the carriages and speed them
screeching away;
Like a truckman, lashing his horses
Until they pound the stone pavement with
broad hoofs, sparks flying about them,
Strike and strike.

If I had the anger of a cloud,
I would scoop up rain in my palms and fling
it upon the people, bowing heads and hur-
rying into doorways;
Then with lightning I would split the houses
And fire cover the ruins like a sudden fungus.
Pile up cities, trample grass into pavement,
for every tree, chimneys;
With your steep hills of brick, cover the
earth;

My resignation is tendered. . . .

Pity these walls, winds and rain,
Pity these habitations of men.

Will London, too, be a waste like Babylon?
They will build again by other rivers.

Will they not be tired at last as I am,
When they have dragged the unknown merchandise,
If the wagon carries any;
In reins and blinkers,
Have made the same turns and gone the same streets
Often enough?

Scene Thirteen

(Chatterton climbs to the top of a hill.)

These trees with many arms stretch out and
up
To hold me. So is life sweetened
To make it palatable.
Desires, satiety, our uncertain doom and of
those dear to us,
Human ills like numbering itself,
Senses and mind make endurable:
As in the taste of food, for which we try
much tasteless, stale, or rancid;
As in a few words' meaning, for which we
hear
So much trite and foolish.
For keener sight we pay with keener sight
Of ugly streets and ugly men and women.
The good, itself part pay for sorrow, the lure
to keep us living,
Through our senses and our minds
We must pay back with usury.
If we play red or black, we lose.
Still, the players have the game's excitement.
But must I sit it out? Surely a loser
May leave early.
I'll take no more goods, pay

No more bills. Although a little sooner than
the rest,
File a bankruptcy petition;
The store locked, the blinds down, the clerks
discharged.
Beautiful striped fabric, green and blue of
day and the dark band of night,
Embroidered so closely and ingeniously,
I cannot handle you at a profit.
Business is bad,
Or, perhaps, I am a bad business man.
Now let me deal in the plain black shoddy of
death.

Scene Fourteen

CHATTERTON. Ocean, bitter salt water, larger
than continents, incessantly troubled,
In whose cold night the fish and knotted
weeds have their being,
Feeding upon each other and drowned men;
Loud in my own ears,
At a little distance I am dumb, mouth open,
shrill and dumb;
As here those other waves are silent,
An edge of white along the black water.
Silence is more dignified than speech;
Certainly more dignified than ineffectual
speech;
And dignity is most dignity,
When in the stiff persistent pose of death.
Let me be dignified at last. Let me,
Chatterton, the scrivener's apprentice,
The listener-in at circles of the great in cof-
fee-houses,
The great-eyed watcher from the walks of
those
In carriages or on horses, be dignified as any.
He who was hungry shall himself give food,
And who was badly clothed and sheltered,
shall himself
Be a lodging. Munificence of death . . .
Beautiful, you were beautiful, sea, and beau-
tiful was your companion, land.

But what is beauty merely? A beautiful woman,
Seen often enough, her skin is skin,
Hair, hair, eyes, eyes, nose, nose, mouth,
mouth,
Blurred into a face.
I am a drunken man who leans aside, vomiting,
And from his other side pushes the woman.

Scene Fifteen

(Night. A square in the city. On the benches are seated men and women, among them Chatterton.)

A GIRL (*to Chatterton*). Jolly in the work-room, all the girls at tables;
As they work, they laugh and chatter to each other,
Laugh and chatter at each other.
Now and then, the old forewoman screams;
And all are silent for a moment,
Then begin to whisper,
And are laughing, chattering noisily as ever;
Until the old forewoman screams
And all are silent for a moment, but a moment.
The heavy white-washed timbers of the ceiling,
The red brick walls, unplastered and unpainted—
I make believe that I am in my castle sewing
And the others are my maids about me, all
my maids in rows along the hall.
The old forewoman, rudely interrupting,
Is a parrot, that my lord and master brought
me from the east;
And we all are sewing brocade, pearls and
gold thread upon velvet,
For my lord and master and myself.
What we sew is shoddy and we sew on wooden
buttons, painted black to look like bone,
Sewing fast with hard stout cotton;

And I laugh out shrilly at the girl who sits
beside me,
And we all laugh out together,
And we try to make each other small as each
one knows herself;
Only to the old forewoman we speak gently.
And when we catch her looking we sew away,
away.
When the streets in winter are still befogged
with night,
Or early summer mornings when the sky is
blue and cool—

A SECOND GIRL. Why should she complain,
who is out
Among others, making friends with girls and,
perhaps, men;
While I have to stay home among pots and
dishes,
The broom's companion.

AN OLD WOMAN. Why should either of
you talk,
Young and strong. The old should complain,
Servants to our daughters and our sons' wives.
Scolded and taught—much good it does us—
We hold our mouths close;
No use talking to the young and wise.
We sit beside the stove. Our spoons shake
When we lift them to our lips;
We spill food over ourselves,
Dirty with age. The hair has fallen
From our scalps, leaving us bald women;
And into the deep wrinkles of our faces,
Dirt sifts. We keep staring
Out of flabby eyes. Strength has gone from
us
Suddenly. We had just begun making our-
selves comfortable,
Now our children are grown up, we had been
saying,
Now we know that we are neither to be great
nor rich,
Let us rest a while,
Let us begin to take pleasure in our lives,

Such as they are; and saying so,
We found ourselves old.

AN OLD MAN (*to Chatterton*). Aren't you
sick of stories of the poor?
But if we knew Cæsar or a scholar like Abelard,
Perhaps we would wonder
How easily men become great among men;
And if we could see Helen herself, we might
say,
I have seen such.
The great and little hang from the mind,
Leaves of a tree until the winter of death;
Again and again, the mind stirs to a noisy
life
Lives of many, pebbles along its shore;
But are you not eager to forget
The faces of men and women
And your own ugly face?

A WOMAN. Look at the froth on his lips.

ANOTHER WOMAN. He has poisoned himself.

THE BLACK DEATH.

THE BLACK DEATH

Scene One

(A room in a Jew's house in a town of western Europe at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Two old Jews, the master of the house and a guest, have just dined. They say in a low voice the benediction after eating. After a pause)

HOST. What news?

GUEST. In our Granada the Messiah has not come.
Some of us do well, some not so well.

HOST. To judge from what in our synagogue
Some say, I thought that in Granada
Jews rode the clouds for carriages.
Thanks for your news of no news.
Have you not heard of a new sickness
Coming westward?

GUEST. I hear of this and that always.
Young, each new war I asked about
Eagerly, and *what new book?* I used to ask.
I saw then whatever is, matters,
But afterwards saw, matters slightly.
So deeply rooted in the earth is man,
Nothing to the tree can matter much,
Until in its own time it age and die.
Why still be fluttered
By news of doctrines and king's policies,
Even disasters?

HOST. But if this wind
Carry you away?

GUEST. It will.
Tell me about my room,
My street, my chair, or dish, about the sun
Or night. I like the rough touch of bread,

The warm smell it had, the brown loaf
Upon the table. The room with this sunlight
On the floor, or at night,
The candle's glow against the darkness.

HOST. This sickness worries me. Have
debtors
Here and there, and then, life itself—
My daughter . . .
Doctors see death many times, but a doctor
is in tears,
When his own mother dies. If you thought
This sickness would come home, you too
Could not shake off this news so lightly.
Do you know that Christians indebted to us,
Say that we spread the plague?

GUEST. When we were in Egypt, a pharaoh
came
Who knew not Joseph. When Charlemagne
was emperor,
He sent for us. Charlemagne is dead.
A time to read holy books in rooms
Whose windows open upon gardens.
Does not winter follow summer?
They had it well and we must have it ill.
Is this news?

HOST. That Judah had back his own land
And we were in our walled town, Jerusalem;
That we were ploughing our land,
And that our poets spoke their own speech,
Not Aramaic or Spanish.

GUEST. Had Israel a land? Was Canaan
ours,
Which we took a while and never held
Against Assyrian or Roman?
When Solomon was king was the land
Israel's?
"My father punished you with whips,"
Rehoboam said.
Palestine was a halting-place,
One of many. Our kin, the Arabs,

Wander over their desert. Our desert
Is the earth. Our strength
Is that we have no land.
Nineveh and Babylon, our familiar cities,
Became dust; but we Jews had left
For Alexandria and Rome.
When the land is impoverished, as lands be-
come,
The tree dies. Israel is not planted,
Israel is in the wind. Cut at the wind
With swords, set fires under it;
A little smoke a little while, the smoke
Uncurls and is gone. Take no threats to heart;
This may be the end of you and me;
But for all the grains of sand blown
From the desert, the desert is;
And all the waves that spill upon the shores
Leave the sea full.

Host. Some get drunk on words, but I,
like most,
Must have substance. Thanks for your words,
I offer wine. (*He does so. Before drinking,*
they say the benediction in a low voice.)

Scene Two

(The council chamber of the town.)

FIRST COUNCILLOR. Month after month and
all day long, fog,
In which their sun was a yellow stain
And men and trees turned yellow
And then grey. At times the earth suddenly
heaved
And shook.

SECOND COUNCILLOR. They say
Crowded China and India are dead.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. The Genoese fleeing
Crimean Caffa
Report Armenia covered with dead
Along roads, blocking streets of towns,
And in deserts caravans,
Their men, camels, and dogs dead;
The Kurds fled to the hills and dying

On cliffs, in gorges; and ships, crews dead,
Blown about the Black Sea.

THIRD COUNCILLOR. What Noah's ark can
ride this flood?

FIRST COUNCILLOR. The dying Turks be-
sieging Caffa
Tied their own dead instead of stones upon
the catapults
And shot them to the city; the Genoese
Scraped from roofs and cobblestones,
Until the harbor bobbed with bloody scraps
And white bellies of dead fish.
Who could among the Genoese took ship
And fled—to die in Italy
And bring their kinsmen death.
Heathen and Christian, man and beast alike,
As if there were no God Who set man and
beast apart,
No Saviour for the Christians.

THIRD COUNCILLOR. In Africa are cities
In which nothing lives. No smudge of fire
upon the walls;
An enemy, not to be shot at, overcame them.
God sends a flood to drown sinners.

THE MAYOR (*entering*). The plague is near.
I have the news from Rudolph,
Back from his trading. At Coblenz half are
dead, the rest in the fields,
From which the peasants drive them. And
so elsewhere.
The citizens look to us; we must not in the
thunder and lightning of these times
Become ourselves distracted. There are enough
who will be.
Here and now we must consider how to save
the city;
And if our means will not avail, as probably
they will not,
What means we have to care for sick, dead,
and the remnant.
As to the known causes of this disease,

This is clear: it spreads from man to man;
The sick poison the sound by touch or breath,
Or by the body's odour; for, it is said,
The sick at once decay. We must decree,
therefore,
That no one come within our walls, stranger
or former townsman.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. Rudolph has come.

MAYOR. From Rudolph we have learnt the
danger.
Let no one in; let in no merchandise.

THIRD COUNCILLOR. What good are walls,
What good decrees, when you wall in
The Jews with us?

SECOND COUNCILLOR. The plague, Jews say,
is their Messiah.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. They may be innocent
or they may be guilty,
Who knows? We know that they are strangers,
Who lived among Chaldeans and Assyrians,
And are suddenly here
In our everyday streets, this fourteenth cen-
tury.

MAYOR. My people! like a lost traveller,
Who fears on each bough a beast's implacable
hate,
Or in a bush a suddenly moving snake. . . .
But even if the Jews are harmless, they should
be watched
To quiet those of us who fear them, and
perhaps,
They are not harmless. Let all of them be
shut up in one house.
Let their wealth be taken into our fund;
Apart, they still are part of us;
And must bear our sorrow with their own.
But let a watch be set about the house
That none go in or out, and that none
Still harm those whom we now harm . . .

And end the plague's violence.

GUARD. She was not alone in suffering.

PASSER-BY. So much the worse.

GUARD. If good times pass, bad times also pass.

PASSER-BY. Yes, we shall rebuild. We have
the spider's stubborn mechanism;
To stop and reason is to starve and die.
So you are still on guard.
The magistrates can still spare men to guard
The emperor's precious Jews.

GUARD. We guard ourselves.
Some say that they have seen
Jews blowing plague upon us
In eastern dust.

PASSER-BY. Have Jews brought this plague?

GUARD. It is said so.

PASSER-BY. I would dig into their flesh!
Hurting may be a cure for hurt.
Can I revenge myself upon the stars,
Or whatever makes this this or that that,
My daughter live and then my daughter dead.
If Jews bring this death, the world's intelligible.
But if Jews bring this death, who is the principal
Of these agents? Jews, sea-hydras, lions, rats,
and vermin
We kill, rightly we think; these, small as ourselves.
We can not reach beyond our reach,
And so are not to see beyond our sight . . .
Jews, I have had too much of death
To kill. Kill or be killed, I am indifferent.
(*A crowd enters, circling about three musicians. Their instruments are a large drum,*

*a viol, and a pipe. The viol and pipe play
snatches of jolly songs. As he talks, the
drummer beats his drum.)*

DRUMMER. Listen, all of you, plague-sick
or to-be-plague-sick,
To my speech, like a Jew's speech, voluble,
Hot and salted with the name of God, his
famous countryman;
Listen, you men and women, strutting like
lunatics,
Each thinking himself or herself, god or god-
dess,
Or at least king or queen; be comforted, each
of you, saith your prophet,
You are not Atlas to the world's stability.
Laugh, shout, scream, or weep;
Leap, stand, kneel, or lie down,
The heavens stay up, the world endures.
Death comes suddenly or slowly; be careless
or take thought,
Death is a plague with which we are all in-
fected.
What good will crying to the Lord for mercy
do us?
Has He mercy upon fish or upon beetles?
The dogs are His; does He bother more about
them?
Just, His tribes are equal.
Eat, drink, and be merry, it was said; to-
morrow we die.
To-morrow, they said, meaning *some day*;
But for us it is literal, to-morrow we die.
What shall we eat and drink? Have we
money?
Take to-day, I answer, whatever you wish,
for to-morrow you die.
If you are made in God's image, be cruel
As He to just and unjust, wolves and cattle.
Take whatever you wish, for to-morrow you
die.
The Jews' house!

(The crowd flings itself against the door. The

flagellants are heard coming. The monk enters, staggering under a huge crucifix. He is followed by a procession of barefoot men and women, singing a hymn, in their left hands lighted candles. They whip themselves.)

THE MONK. The cherubim are hushed and
sorrowful
The Lord arises, looking down to us. . . .
For our sins, O Lord, for our sins!

A FLAGELLANT. The Lord is just!

ANOTHER. Else no order!

ANOTHER. The Lord is merciful!

THE MONK. (*pointing at the Jew's house*).
Sinners have brought the plague upon us!
(*All push against the door. In the clamour are heard drum, viol and pipe, and the flagellants' hymn.*)

Scene Four

(*Within the Jews' house. Either side the door Jews, wrapped in prayer-cloths, stand at their prayers, rocking backwards and forwards. Now and then their chant is lifted into a wail. Suddenly the shouting outside and the pounding on the door stop. The Jews stare at each other. Then the door is struck a powerful blow. Those outside are using a beam as a ram. The blow is repeated at intervals.*)

Scene Five

(*In the same town, within a Jew's house. The master of the house and a guest have just dined.*)

HOST. What news among our Jews in
Hamburg?

GUEST. Much as here.
If you have time to-morrow, show me
Where the massacre was.

HOST. The first visit to our city?

GUEST. Yes.
How do you live among the Gentiles now?

HOST. Not worse than you in Hamburg.

GUEST. Evil done to man, like this plague,
and evil men do,
Like sores upon a healthy body, scab and fall
off.

HOST. If the body is healthy, sores?

GUEST. These at least are gone, your city
once more crowded.

HOST. The disease is in the blood to break
out again.

GUEST. We shall live through it as before.

HOST. A tree has new leaves many times,
but in the end the tree dies.

GUEST. Are not other trees left?

HOST. In the end the land sinks under the
sea.

GUEST. Are not other lands raised?

HOST. The earth itself will crumble out of
the sky.

GUEST. Will there not be other stars?

HOST. Far away.

GUEST. This plague and massacre, these at
least are gone.

HOST. The dream is gone, not what caused
the dream.

MERIWETHER LEWIS.

MERIWETHER LEWIS

Scene One

(Sioux warriors with scalp sticks are dancing about fires to the noise of drums. Lewis and another, backs to the audience, are watching.)

SOLDIER. The Mandans warned us, Captain Lewis, how treacherous these Sioux are; In the frenzy of this dance, is there nothing to fear?

LEWIS. Show no fear and there is nothing to fear.

SOLDIER. Their dancing files are about our scattered men.
Would it not have been better to have kept together?

LEWIS. That would have shown us afraid. They do not know our strength, seeing us calm; Keep calm, and they will not know our weakness.

SOLDIER. I wish that I were out of this.

LEWIS.

The way through
is the way out.
Any other way is harder. Do and do,
Like the witches in Macbeth; but do not stop
To value what you do. It is pastime . . .
Ferocity is painted on their faces;
But if they should turn upon us,
Men are not Promethean to live forever, tor-
tured.

Scene Two

(An expanse of snow in the mountains. Lewis and another are hardly able to walk.)

LEWIS. Here they went. See, here!

SOLDIER.

What's this?

LEWIS. Horse guts. They have killed a horse for food.

SOLDIER. Here is the head. The lips have flesh.

LEWIS. Can you cut them off? My hands are stiff.

SOLDIER. The head is frozen hard. They must have gone by yesterday.

LEWIS. Let's carry the head to that cleft and build a fire.

Whose horse was it? This is Clark's, I think. See the white forehead.

When we cut off your lips, horse, you will begin to grin.

SOLDIER. I can't walk now. Let's rest a moment.

Is it beginning to snow? Is that snow or stars?

Do you feel snow falling?

LEWIS. Nothing is falling. All is frozen fast,

The stars are frozen to the sky and these snow-covered mountains,

Rising behind each other, are frozen to their base.

Men live and work and what they are,
Snowed under with their earth at last.

But what we are

Is born on other stars, in turn to die there;
And what men in their orbits signify, the stars signify and that is—

We, whose lives are in years, bother about
Timeless matters; and daily see
The bright roof, our sky, dissolving into darkness.

Come on now, and we two Salomes help each

other with this head.
(*They do so.*)
What follows a straight line may end somewhere,
But stars go in circles. I throw up my head
spinning to the stars.
I kill time until time kills me.
One shot from this pistol, or five seconds
falling into that abyss—
The earth is still.

Scene Three

(*Night. The Pacific surf is heard. Lewis' and Clark's soldiers break up camp.*)

A SOLDIER. (*waiting for the start, to another.*) I am so sleepy. . . I wish that I could sleep, crawl into my own bed between the cool sheets, in my own room in my own house. . . .
The last time I was on furlough, a farmer gave me a lift. I fell asleep and when I woke—
Beside the wide blue Hudson, twinkling with sunshine, and the cart taking me home.
To be coming up that road now, even if the sky were grey and the coldest wind blowing, chunks of ice hiding the water.
If I could only get a little sleep. While we wait, I'll just close my eyes, just close my eyes a little. . . .

SECOND SOLDIER. There's something in the bush, listen!. . . .

FIRST SOLDIER. Nothing.
A ship waiting at the river's mouth, traders' ships along the coast and after all, no ship.
All over again, Indians, rowing, portage, mountains, portage, rowing and Indians.

SECOND SOLDIER. Listen, something in the bush. . . . listen. . . .

Scene Four

(A village on the Mississippi. A cannon is heard. Cheers. Afterwards, Lewis, Clark, and citizens enter. Lewis is playing with his pistol.)

CITIZEN. Well, Captain Lewis, the country had given up hope of your returning.

SECOND CITIZEN. Gone three years.

FIRST CITIZEN. You're the next President, if you choose to be. They were talking of Congress voting land, if you'd get back. *(He turns to Clark.)* They ought to make it ten thousand acres apiece. Jefferson will make you governor of Missouri, Capt. Lewis.

And we need a good man what with all that's going on. The trouble is frontiers get the riff-raff. The steady decent people stay back home; those with a screw loose, loafers, goal-birds, and bankkrupts in the States float here.

THIRD CITIZEN. The whole country is going to hell. A man from New York was here and he tells me the papist Irish are landing there in droves. You can see them any day, coming from the Battery, in rags, not a penny to their name, drunk the lot of them; men, women and brats boozing from the same bottle. This will be a fine country in nineteen hundred and six with those breeding in it. We've kicked out George the Third to have the Pope instead.

SECOND CITIZEN. A minister had an article about it in the ladies' journal my wife gets.

THIRD CITIZEN. There's not much use bothering about this part of the country.

Down the river they had an earthquake a while back. That's the kind of a country it is. And there ain't a river like the Mississippi in all the land. It'll change its course overnight and wipe out a township. A man that'll farm beside that river is a fool; and a town that's built beside that river is a town of fools.

FIRST CITIZEN. Some folks around here, Captain Lewis, make more trouble than any river. Let me tell you—well, after dinner; come on, gentlemen. (*The citizens walk on*).

CLARK. (*to Lewis*). Why do you act towards them with such respect?

LEWIS. I too thought respect ought to be deserved;
Now I simulate respect out of pity.

CLARK. You should attack; you mislead them into thinking their littleness affirmed.

LEWIS. I am not interested in attacking littleness.

CLARK. Everything on earth is little, if it comes to that.

LEWIS. It has come to that. (*They follow the others.*)

Scene Five

LEWIS. I am Meriwether Lewis;
Blood not the least in Virginia, ancestors
Back me up;
Am trained to read and untwist
Meanings to the first strands;
To outride and outshoot many;
Have money enough, am not like most
Indentured to a room, nor fenced

Within a county;
But within the scoop of sugar
The grocer used in filling up this paper bag,
So plump and neatly tied,
Were ants.
Perhaps, the leasehold in our bodies
Is held in trust.
So many strings,
That if we fall, what else
Falls also, or what bells are jangled—
I asked for work so huge, laborious, needing
so much time,
That taking it away in shovelsful,
I might forget myself.
Mr. Jefferson commissioned me
To go through the unknown lands
Westward. The world has still too many
tyrannies
For our republic to be content
With narrow limits. Like a man against a
cliff,
I kept my mind upon the work in hand,
And dared not look away from the next grasp
and foothold.
The work is ended.
What is worth doing? Administer
The petty laws?

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